

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Lavender and Dreams

By JANE McLEAN.

This is my grandmother's old chest,
Where live the things she loved the best,
And if I lift the lid I'll know
The world she lived in long ago.
First comes the scent of lavender.
A dear unspoken breath of her.
And then a tiny broken fan,
And here the picture of a man.
My grandmother, did she coquet
While stepping through the minutes?
Here is a letter tracing faint,
And slipper buckles carved and quaint,
And here the yellow of old lace
That one time framed a girlish face.
O, grandmother of long ago,
The soul of you must surely know
That soul of me supremely blessed
That knows the things you loved the best.

An Occasional Word of Praise

By DOROTHY DLX.

I have received a letter from a dis-
treased and perplexed husband who asks
my advice about how to cure his wife
of her one weakness. He says that she
is a good woman,
really true and loyal
and fond of him,
and she's a devoted
mother, and a frugal
and industrious
housekeeper.

But she has one
fault that is grievous
in his eyes. She
is fond of admira-
tion. She likes to
be complimented
and have pretty
speeches made about
her, and her hus-
band has watched,
with stern disap-
probation how her
face brightens up
when some man be-
gins "jolly" her. So he wants to know
what to do about it.

The answer to that question is dead
easy, Mr. Husband. Supply the wife with
all the admiration she craves, instead of
leaving other men to do it. And make
the home brand of flattery so strong and
full of ginger and snap that any com-
pliments she may receive on the outside
will seem as weak and tasteless as deli-
catesse dishes do by the side of the
sodas that mother cooks.

There are men and women with natures
so intricate and cranky that their wives
and husbands are not to be blamed for
never finding the keys to them and be-
ing able to manage them. But a man or
a woman whose predominant charac-
teristic is the love of admiration is so
simple that there is no excuse for their
wives and husbands not being able to
work them.

The wife who lets some slick-tongued
woman take her husband away from her
by means of flattery gets exactly what
she deserves. She had the first innings.
She had the inside track. She knew that
her husband simply purred under any
hand that rubbed the fur the right way
with him, and that he beamed and gurgled
with delight when anyone told him how
big and brave and handsome he was, and
yet, knowing this, she felt it her wifely
duty to continually remind him of his
faults instead of expatiating on his vir-
tues, and so left the other woman a
chance to get in her deadly work.

Equally the man who has a wife who
loves admiration, and who is so dense
and stingy and tight-lipped that he re-
fuses to even pay her a compliment, is
himself to blame if she packs her trunk
and likes off to Reno with some more
appreciative man, or if she becomes one
of those near-faithful wives who are the
ruination of the happiness of any home—
women who remain outwardly respect-
able, but who indulge in cheap flirtation.
Of course, men who crave admiration
and appreciation, even if it is only lip
service, can always go out into the world
and find it—or buy it. The average mar-
ried woman is not circumvented so she
can do this. She has to depend upon what
she can get from her husband, and this
is generally nil.

I know of nothing else in the world
that is at once so tragic and so pathetic
as the gnawing hunger for some word
of praise, some token of gratitude, some
sign that their husbands even think of
them otherwise than as a domestic con-
venience, that most wives suffer, and
which their husbands are either too dull
to perceive or too selfish to make the
effort to appease. For it is literally the
truth that after the honeymoon wanes
nine women out of ten never get a com-
pliment out of their husbands until it is
carved on their tombstones.

The lack of admiration and apprecia-
tion is the main thing that makes mar-
riage a failure to most women. It isn't
poverty. Let a man tell his wife that in
his eyes she grows more beautiful every
day and she will wear a \$10 suit and
feel like a queen in it. It isn't hard
work. Let a man still show an interest
in holding his wife's hand and he'll con-
sider it a privilege to work it to the bone
for him. It isn't the monotony of domes-
tic life. Let a man compliment his wife's
cooking and she'll think housework the
most thrilling occupation on earth. It
isn't anything that a man does, or leaves
 undone, except handing out a few com-
pliments that makes marriage heaven or
the other place to a woman.

Nor is this quite as foolish as it sounds.
A woman's home is her world. Her hus-
band is her audience, and it's a dreary
thing to go on year after year doing
your level best, giving yourself body and
soul, without ever getting one ripple of
applause, or even knowing whether your
efforts are even perceived or not.

No actor can play his best to a cold
house. No clerk gives his best service to
an employer who never commends. Even
a horse will pull his load better for a
word of encouragement or praise.
But most married women have to live
their married lives without getting a
single glad hand from their husbands,
and it's pitiful to hear them beg for a
word of praise. I've heard of a woman
say as she tried to corker a com-
pliment out of her husband, "How do I

look?" And without glancing up from
his paper, he would reply, "Oh, well
enough." Or she would say, "How do
you like this dress?" And he would
answer that of all the darn fool fashions
he ever saw, it was the limit. And fall-
ing other means, she would ask how he
liked a certain dish at dinner, and he
would grunt as he gobbled it down, that
it had a little too much salt or sugar.
Never a word of praise or appreciation.
The strange thing about this withhold-
ing of a little flattery from their wives
is that men, for the most part, do admire
their wives. Their own egotism makes
them think that the women they picked
out are the headliners of their sex, but
they would die rather than tell them so.
To know that her husband still thought
that she was pretty, to know that he
thought her a second edition of Helen,
to know that he blessed her in his heart
for all her years of loyalty and devotion,
would make the average woman super-
magnificently happy, and pay her for every
sacrifice she has ever made. But her
husband will never say it to her.
The cure for a discontented wife, and
for a flirtatious wife, is flattery ad lib
applied by the husband. It is a remedy
that never fails.

How to Keep Your True Love

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Every day dozens of letters come to
me asking for some infallible test where-
by some uncertain youth or girl may
make sure of the love of his or her be-
loved. Symptoms and actions are related
to me galore and "what she means by
this" or "what he intends by that," are
marshalled before my critical judgment.
But so long as human nature is human
nature and change is one of its strongest
characteristics, no one can sit at an of-
fice desk and assure John of Mary's love
or guarantee to Mary that John is faith-
ful and devoted.

The best way to be sure of any one's
love is to wait until he is so sure of it
that he tells you perforce.
Convention prevents a woman from de-
claring her affection, but her preference
must show itself and she sacrifices all
the joys for the supreme one of being
with her beloved and trying to make
him happy.

The illusion of youth often makes us
mistake fancy or infatuation for real
love. The great danger of life lies not
in knowing whether or not your beloved
loves you, but in being sure whether or
not you really love your beloved.
There is nothing in all the world to
which "make haste slowly" is so directly
applicable as to love affairs. If only
youth would stop to weigh and analyze
the attraction it feels for other youth
instead of yielding to the supreme urge
of emotion that has no real basis!

But John knows subconsciously that
Mary's eyes are blue and tender and
Mary's mouth is sweet and red. And so
John pours out to Mary a conglomera-
tion of his dreams and aspirations and
desires and ambitions.
And Mary knows that John is tall and
strong and handsome, and so she listens
with her heart in her eyes. And, fancy-
ing that they understand one another
and are madly in love, they plunge into
an engagement or into matrimony itself.
Poor John! Poor Mary! They knew
no single true test for true love.

The most efficient test for love that I
know is two-fold. Ask yourself not, "Can
I live with this man or woman," but
"Can I face life without him?" The in-
dividual with whom you want to share
your dreams may be very dear to you,
but more honestly dear is the one into
whose dreams you want to fit yourself.

Not in a willingness weakly to sub-
merge yourself, but in a supreme desire
for co-operation and understanding lies
the honesty of a big love. The lover
whose life you complete and who com-
pletes yours—mentally and spiritually as
well as emotionally—is your true love.
The one you would defend against the
world is your true love.

But the final great test of love is this:
Does your love mean to you life's great
immortality? Do you want it to bring to
you as a result of the perfect partnership
of the two lives little children who shall
be like the one for whom you care? Are
you willing to send down to posterity the
traits and characteristics of your be-
loved? Do they seem to you fine enough
and splendid enough to go on down
through the generations as a result of
your will to immortalize them and your
love?

Children mean immortality and the
great crown of your love. Marriage
without them is selfish. If marriage
means to you the shrinking of life's great-
est responsibility—if it brings to you no
longing for little baby faces, you do not
know true love.
Infatuation may be for the day. Fancy
may be for emotional outlet, and even
affection may yearn but for the comfort
of home and refuge from loneliness, but
love is so sure of itself and of its per-
manent admiration and adoration that it
longs for immortality.

Learn How to Relax to Be Graceful, Says Ziegfeld Girl

Miss Sybel Carman illus-
trates her accompanying ar-
ticle by two poses of relaxa-
tion which she finds bene-
ficial in her daily exercise.

Today Miss Sybel Carman, charm-
ing member of the Ziegfeld Midnight
Frolie cast, finishes her article on the
way to gain grace through strength-
ening the feet. The simple exercises
that Miss Carman has illustrated
take only a few minutes each day,
and will prove invaluable assets to
the woman seriously intent on gain-
ing a lithe and graceful figure.

By SYBEL CARMAN.

Yesterday I spoke of strengthening the
feet. Today's exercises simply carry on
this idea. I am a firm believer in the
truth of the statement that pretty feet
do much toward making pretty women.
Awkward feet make a woman so clumsy.
That is why strong, supple feet and
ankles mean more to a woman's grace-
fulness than many people suppose. Thick
skilles are unnecessary if a woman will
bathe and massage her feet frequently
and learn how to wear sensible heels on
her shoes.

I would add one other caution to the
woman seeking the beauty of feminine
gracefulness. Learn how to relax. Do
not be afraid to let yourself go. Relaxa-
tion will help you to stand and walk well.

There must be a certain freedom and
lack of stiffness apparent in every move
a woman makes if she would be thought
truly graceful.

It is important, too, to learn to sit
well. This means straight shoulders and
a high chest. Relax, but train your
muscles so that they do not sag. Forget
yourself and learn to be natural. No truly
graceful woman was ever self-conscious.
So many women do not know how to
stand when they appear in public. They
are conspicuous at a social function,
often times, simply because they call at-
tention by conscious awkwardness to their
"ungraceful" hands and feet.

Why not stand as though you took a
real pride in yourself? You are an in-
dividual with a character unlike any one
else in the world. Why not stand as
though you really amounted to some-
thing? Stand so that a line dropped
from the center of your head would fall
between the arches of your feet. Distrib-
ute your weight evenly on both feet.
And, above all, do not allow yourself to
get top-sided.



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Sorrow One Vanity Common to Humanity

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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There is a certain universal vanity in
all human beings—the vanity of sorrow.
Ask any one of your acquaintances if
he has had trouble in life, and, almost
invariably, the reply
will be to the effect
that his sorrows and
troubles have been un-
usual; that he has
had his share,
which will mean that
he has more than
his share.

In country places,
in large cities, in
villages, it is the
same.
Sorrow seems to be a
part of human con-
sciousness—this be-
lieved that each one
of us has been
chosen for a special
dispensation of sorrow.
Only a small percentage of human
beings value the true estimate on the
value of trouble, or know that it has its
purpose, and that by our ability to
use it we may develop character—the
purpose, aim and end of existence.
Only one individual do I recall hav-
ing met in all my experience who made
no claim of sorrow.

It was a woman who had counted at
least four decades on the dial of life,
and she told me she had never known
a disappointment or a sorrow, since her
birth she had indulged all her wishes;
she had never lost a near relative or
friend, and had never known a grief
worthy of the name.

A shallow woman she seemed to me
as I studied her—one who enjoyed her
morning coffee and her dinner at night;
who was pleased with a new gown and
brooch, and who felt no strong affec-
tions and was incapable of deep emotion.
Perhaps she had passed through experi-
ences which might have meant sorrow to
others without feeling them, and, hav-
ing missed sorrow, so, too, she must have
missed great joy.

Surely she was no personage to hold
as an ideal, and those who believe they
could have attained large successes of
great heights, if they had not known
sorrow, would have found in her refuta-
tion of their theories.
The mortal must feel in order to
develop.
He must know the strong emotions of
life; he must use his mental qualities in
thinking he was out of trouble; he must
be anxious at times in order to learn
patience; he must pass through the win-
ter of sorrow in order to enjoy the
springtime of joy.

In visiting tropical countries it has al-
ways seemed that the natives who dwell
there miss a great joy in having an
eternal summer.
There are no emotions sweeter than
those which are produced by the sudden
dawning of the spring in sky and trees,
and in hearing the first sounds of the
returned birds.

To gaze always upon summer skies,
summer foliage and to hear ever the
songs of birds can never repay for the
loss of that peculiar happiness which
comes in early spring days.
And so the heart that has never known
anything but pleasurable sensations must
lack the keen joys which come to those
who have experienced lack and loss of
blessings, and to whom they are re-
stored—as life always restores in some
measure that which it takes from us.

But the real value of sorrow and trial
lies in the strengthening of courage, the
increase of faith, the growth of character
and the development of the higher at-
tributes of the mind.
Unless we are more sympathetic, more
tolerant, more patient and kinder after
each trouble, we have missed a great op-
portunity which life has offered us, and
we must suffer again and again until we
recognize the hand of love beneath the
glove of pain—until we experience the
resurrection.

Pausing a moment, ere the day was done,
While yet the earth was scintillant
with light,
I backward glanced. From valley,
plain and height,
At intervals where my life path had run,
Rose groves of cress, and balled upon
each one

A Lost Paradise

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

The legend of an original Paradise on
this earth, from which man got himself
excluded by his own greediness, turns up
in a new and extremely charming form
in the stories collected by Dr. W. C.
Farabee, of the

University of Penn-
sylvania, among the
Wai-Wai Indians,
whom he found
dwelling in the
Tuma-o-Iuma c
range of moun-
tains on the border
between Brazil and
the Guianas, and
so remote from
civilization that
they knew nothing
of white men.
Dr. Farabee be-
lieves that these
Indians are the
descendants of the Caribs and Arawaks
whom the Spaniards encountered along
the coast 800 years ago. They are ex-
ceedingly simple in their ways and tastes,
and physically very handsome representa-
tives of the human species, almost good
enough in that regard, according to Dr.
Farabee's description, to inhabit a new
Garden of Eden.

They have no jewelry and no metals,
and wear no more clothes than neces-
sary. But they do make cloaks, aprons,
headresses, etc., of home-woven cloth,
intertwined with the bright-colored feath-
ers of gorgeous macaw birds, which excite
the admiration of the civilized visitor
by their novelty and beauty. The women
are described as possessing statues of
polished bronze of magnificent propor-
tions, while the men are well made and
intelligent looking.

If, as Dr. Farabee thinks, these Wai-
Wai Indians, with the surrounding
tribes, who resemble them in manners
and appearance, represent a union of the
remains of the ancient Caribs and
Arawaks, then the peacable character
of the latter, who, before the coming of
the Spaniards, had been sadly harassed
by the war-like Caribs, has prevailed in
the blending. There are no wars among
them now. They live on vegetables, fruit
and game; grind cassava with roughly
hewed granite boulders and obtain fire
with sparks from striken stones.

Spring in their native time, as with
birds, and then they put on their bril-
liant garments, gleaming with the most
exquisite hues of scarlet, yellow and
blue, and dance the "masheka," or "pea-
nut vine dance." An imitation of this
dance was long ago produced in Brazil,
being picked up from the Indian tribes
and carried down the Amazon, and this
was the origin of the "Maxixe," a dance
which came to America, through Paris.
In the place where it was invented this
dance is a rite of the mating season, as
symbolical as the bacchic dances of the
ancient Greeks.

Those great mystery stories of uni-
versal humanity, the legends of a para-
dise and a deluge, have been found again
by Dr. Farabee in this almost inacces-
sible part of the world. The paradise
story, as told by the Wai-Wais is in
some respects more pleasing than the
Hebrew account used by Milton in his
"Paradise Lost." In the beginning, it
says, the god Duwid, having made men
and women, continued to feed them with
his own hands, bringing them every day
abundance of fruit and vegetables.

In their idleness, the men and women
found nothing more interesting to do
than to watch the other animals. Thus
they discovered that these animals went
off somewhere every morning and re-
turned at night. Led by curiosity, they
followed, and found a great tree which
shed every day from its branches both
fruits and vegetables, on which the ani-
mals fed.

"Here," they said, "is where Duwid
gets our food. Henceforth let us come
and help ourselves. Then we shall not
have to thank him for it."
Accordingly, they told Duwid that he
need not take the trouble to bring them
food any longer, for they had found
out where to get it for themselves.

"Very well," said the god, "but here-
after you will have to work for it. To-
morrow the tree shall be cut down, but
to save you from starvation, I will give
you a hint. Break off branches bearing
each kind of fruit and plant them in the
ground. Water and tend them carefully
and they will flourish and continue to
bear abundantly as long as you continue
to labor."
They began to obey Duwid's instruc-
tions, but, becoming wearied left off be-
fore they had taken from the tree more
than a small number of the infinite var-
iety of fruits that it bore. Fortunately
they got the cassava, but they have to
work hard, not only to raise it, but to fit
it for eating. The enormous stump of
the great tree, they say, still exists in the
midst of their country, in the form of a
huge steep-sided rock, rising high above
the roof of the forest.

The Wai-Wais are described as a very
childlike race, but this legend of theirs
is full of adult wisdom and a keen knowl-
edge of human nature. It depicts the
consequence of idleness and too indig-
ent paternalism far more pointedly than
the story in Genesis does, while alto-
gether avoiding the unnecessary inven-
tion of the serpent as a tempter. The
absence of vindictiveness in the god
Duwid's sentence is also a notable
feature.

Was my dead self. And yet that grie-
vous sight
Lent sudden splendor to the falling
night,
Showing the conquests that my soul had
won.
Up to the rising stars I looked and cried:

"There is no death; for, each new day
probers
I wake to larger life, to joy more great.
So many times have I been crucified,
So often seen the resurrection morn,
I go triumphant, though new Calvaries
wait."

"—and then with just a few weeks more of Sanatogen"

On the road to health at last! And yet how impatient
you are to be up and going. But it is now, when the sys-
tem is trying to rebuild its store of energy, that you will
be most grateful for the reconstructive help of Sanatogen.

Sanatogen, you must know, is a natural food-tonic,
combining purest albumen with organic phosphorus—
thus conveying to the wasted system the vital elements
to build up blood and tissues, and it is so remarkably
easy of digestion that the most delicate—youth and
old—can take it with nothing but beneficial effects.

It reawakens the appetite, assists digestion, and as a physician in
"The Practitioner," a leading medical
journal, says, "It seems to possess a
wonderful effect in increasing the nutri-
tive value of other food material."

When we tell you that Sanatogen is
used by the medical profession all over
the world as an aid to convalescence and
as an upbuilder of strength and vitality,
that more than 21,000 physicians have
written letters commending it, you will
understand that our confidence in recom-
mending it to you is firm and sincere.

Won't you give Sanatogen the oppor-
tunity to help bring back you—or some-
one that is near and dear to you—to
health and strength?

Sanatogen is sold by good druggists
everywhere in sizes from \$1.00 up

Grand Prize, International
Congress of Medicine,
London, 1913.

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